

The Grail

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FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE

DEAR GRAIL READERS:



Nearly everybody is wishing nearly everybody else a Happy New Year. That is a good wish all right. But, let me go a step further and suggest how you, my dear Grail Readers, can guarantee to yourselves the enjoyment of a truly happy 1936. It is much a matter of words. You must know what words to accept and what words to reject. Just think how many words are being passed around on this merry earth of ours. Take any one of the large dailies. Count the words in one issue. Multiply this by the number of dailies. Add to this the words spread around in the numerous magazines and books. Then reckon the spoken words of jabbering millions. Words! Words! Words! The world is daily deluged with them.

Words carry ideas and thoughts, both good and bad, from mind to mind. Whose words are you accepting? What are these words doing to your life? What in turn is your life doing to others? God spoke to the Prophet Jeremiah (1:9): "Behold I have given My words in thy mouth." God has also placed His words before our eyes. He has spoken them into our ears through His messengers. He has personally whispered them into our conscience. "Heaven and earth shall pass, but my words shall not pass," saith the Lord. Way back in the Old Testament the Heavenly Father told us what to do with His words: "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt tell them to thy children, and thou shalt meditate upon them... and thou shalt write them.... on the doors of thy house" (Deut. 6:7-9). In the New Testament the Savior supplied this valuable information: "Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it."

In the quest for truth and norms of conduct, men search profoundly in abstruse matters while passing right by and neglecting the Word of God. Yet, in these words we have Divine

Wisdom. Our human wisdom ought to be good enough to direct us to the richest fountain whence flow in a steady stream the Words of God. This fountain is the Holy Mass. All the parts or prayers of the Mass are gems of beauty—ideas and thoughts from God. They are intended for us. If we hear them and keep them they will divinize us, divinize our daily life, make us "blessed," as Christ puts it. My suggestion to guarantee a Happy New Year is to go to church often during 1936. Do not go just to hear Mass or to see Mass; but to participate in the Holy Mass, to offer it with the priest. Join him in the prayers by using a Missal or Mass book. Join him also in Holy Communion.

Once we begin to absorb God's words in the Holy Mass—the printed word in the Missal, the spoken word in the sermon, and the Incarnate Word in Holy Communion—then the Church will incorporate us into her own being. We shall become identified with this incommutable center of truth, this sanctuary of eternal charity. The Church will become our ark in which we safely ride over a deluged world, into the harbor of salvation. Oh, my dear Grail Readers, let us learn to love our Church, this beloved Spouse of Christ, who was wooed and won by His precious Blood. This Spouse of Christ is our Mother. She will nourish us with the milk of God's words and the Bread of Life. Let us bear in mind that this militant mother who must perpetually struggle on earth is likewise perennially triumphing in heaven. This Church is the custodian of the words of God. A Happy New Year will be yours, if you will hear from her God's word and keep it. Yes, I wish you a Happy New Year.

Yours most cordially

Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.

Abbot.

A Pair of English Martyrs

(Recently Canonized)

Lambert Nolle, O. S. B.

THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT JOHN FISHER

(June 22—also feast of St. Alban, Protomartyr of Britain)

ALTHOUGH Saints John and Thomas had been the first to suffer imprisonment for the Papal Supremacy, they were not to be the first Martyrs of protestantism in England. That glory belongs to three Carthusian Priors, a Bridgettine, and a secular priest. They had apparently in ignorance taken the first oath; but when the second was tendered to them they refused it and were condemned to death. On May 4 they were dragged to Tyburn, hanged and mutilated whilst still living. A shock of horror passed through the spectators when they saw them dragged along in their monastic habits because throughout Europe it had been the custom that when a cleric or religious had incurred the death penalty, he was previously degraded and stripped of his ecclesiastical garb. Saint Thomas, with whom just then was his daughter Margaret, saw them through his window as they were dragged out from the Tower, and said: "Lo, dost thou not see, Meg, that these blessed Fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to the marriage? Whereas thy silly father, that like a wicked caitiff has passed the whole course of his life most sinfully, God, not thinking him worthy of such felicity, leaves him still in this world further to be plagued and turmoiled with misery."

To Saint John his servant brought a scroll of paper from the priory of the Carthusians, apparently notes for use at their defence. He was very much touched by it when he read it to himself. Two days later he expressed his astonishment at their execution, as they had done nothing against the statute. He must have been ill again, for his trial was put off until June 17.

As he had been "deposed" as Bishop, he was

styled a clerk, late of Rochester. The expected proof for his treason was given by Rich the Solicitor-General. The latter had visited the Bishop in prison, stating that he was sent by the king to hear his advice, whether the statute was just or unjust. He was assured there was no risk for him in giving his opinion freely, as the king only wanted to know the truth. Fisher held that under these circumstances he had not violated the statute "maliciously." He was told that it would have been treason to speak against it even at the command of the king himself. He then pleaded that one single witness was not sufficient to prove a capital offence. The Chief Justice left the decision of that point to the jury of twelve ordinary citizens, who, however, frightened by his injunctions, admitted the evidence and brought in the verdict of "Guilty." A protestant historian calls the act itself most atrocious and its construction as treason even more iniquitous. He said Henry not only claimed by it to be Pope, but even more than the Pope.

When the sentence for treason had been passed, Fisher addressed the court and stated: "I always have thought and now affirm that the king cannot justly claim any such supremacy over the Church, which hitherto no other temporal prince has presumed to do. . . . By proceeding in this case the king will deeply incur the displeasure of Almighty God. . . . Wherefore I pray he may remember himself in time, and harken to good counsel for the preservation of himself and his realm and the quietness of all Christendom." After this he was taken back to the Tower; but the day of his execution was not fixed. He spent the following days in prayer. When on one of these days the rumor had been spread outside that he was to die on that day, his servant did not bring him his accustomed meal. When the servant excused himself by the rumor, he said, "Let me no more lack my dinner; and if you find I am dead, then eat it yourself."

The night before the execution the lieutenant of the Tower received a writ by order of the king saying that, although the prisoner had been condemned to be dragged to Tyburn two miles distant, there to be hanged and mutilated, the king (fearing he might die on the road) had spared him that, and he should next morning at nine be led to Tower Hill close by, and there be beheaded. As the prisoner was already asleep, the lieutenant waited till next morning about five o'clock; he gave him the message whilst still in bed. The Bishop thanked him and said, "If this be your errand, you bring me no great news, for I have a long time waited for this message. And I most humbly thank the king's majesty that it pleases him to rid me from all this worldly business." When he found it was then so early, he asked to remain undisturbed so that he might have another two hours of sleep, as he felt very much tired.

When he was roused at seven, he asked for a clean shirt, and said to the astonished servant: "Do you not know that this is our wedding-day? Therefore it behooves us to use more cleanliness for this solemnity." When the lieutenant came to fetch him, he asked for his furred tippet to put it round his neck. As the lieutenant pointed out that his life was not to last more than another hour, he answered: "Although I have, thank God, a very good desire and willing mind to die, yet will I not willingly hinder my health one minute of an hour." He had to be carried in a chair; and when the bearers had to wait and rested, he read out of a little New Testament a text for his meditation. All the way he continued in prayer, also on the scaffold until all was ready, at the last saying the *Te Deum*. He went up the steps of the scaffold briskly, to the marvel of all, and when he addressed the people they were astonished at the strong sound of his

voice. He said with a cheerful face that he died for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, he prayed for the welfare of the king and the realm, and asked the prayers of the bystanders for himself.

When he stood there after his shirt was taken off, he was only skin and bone, more like a corpse than a living body, so that people marvelled how he could still have lived. When the executioner tied a handkerchief about his eyes, the holy bishop lifted up his anointed hands once more for a final prayer, then, lying down at full length, he laid his head on a little block.

The executioner with a sharp and heavy axe at one blow cut asunder his slender neck, and to the astonishment of many an unexpected large amount of blood streamed out of that wasted body.

Henry's savage Tudor cruelty was manifested by the treatment which at his express order the anointed body of a Bishop and Cardinal received, who, besides, on account of his holiness had been dear to his grandmother, esteemed as a councillor by his father, and who had been one of his own early tutors and trusted advisors. The body was entirely stripped and left lying on the scaffold

from morning till night, guarded by watchmen; so that none of his friends was able to approach him. One merciful person was allowed to cover it with a little straw. Late in the evening an order came that it should be hastily buried. Two watchmen who understood the mind of the king carried the body on halberts to the neighboring cemetery of All Hallows, dug hurriedly a grave, threw the body in with chest downwards, without any kind of shroud or covering, and then threw some soil over it.

It may be remembered that on a former occasion, when Henry thought the Bishop had compared him with Herod, he had waxed very indignant at such an insult. But Herod would



have had ground to object to being compared to Henry; because he, though a pagan, had permitted John the Baptist to be buried honorably by his disciples. So he had indeed been out-Heroded by Henry. Popular opinion, knowing the share of his Herodias in the crime, easily believed a story about her, not proved by documentary evidence, but quite possible under the circumstances. It is to the effect that, after the head had by custom been boiled, and before it was exhibited on London Bridge, she had sent for it, looked at it and talked to it contemptuously, because it had often spoken against her but now could not do her any more harm; and striking the mouth with the back of her hand, she received a wound from one of his teeth which left a scar to the end of her life.

The head was stuck up over London Bridge for a fortnight. Many who saw it wondered that in spite of its having been boiled and exposed to the hot sun it looked fresher than in his lifetime. As many people crowded around it and thereby impeded the traffic on the bridge, it was at night time thrown into the river. It gave place after July 6 to that of Saint Thomas More. It may be added that the bodies of both were later on buried in the Tower church. Interesting to note is the fact that two of their persecutors after their own beheading were also buried in the same church: Anne Boleyn, 1536, and Thomas Cromwell, 1540. Both of these had a privilege which was not granted to our two Martyrs: they were able before their executions to receive the holy Sacraments of the Church after professing the Catholic faith. Was this the revenge of their holy victims?

THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT THOMAS MORE

(July 6—Octave of SS. Peter and Paul)

It is not clear for what particular reason the condemnation of the ex-Chancellor followed so quickly that of the Cardinal. The fact that Henry after the execution is reported to have said to Anne, "Thou art the cause of this man's death" would point to her instigations as the reason for his hurry. Saint Thomas was brought on July 1 to the court in which as Chancellor he had often knelt to receive his father's blessing. For some months he had been confined to his dark room, and each month seems to have taken a year from his life. He

walked with difficulty, his hair and long beard were grey, and he was so feeble that against the rules of the court he was allowed to sit down. A long list of accusations was read out to him; but the decisive one was again the testimony of the Solicitor-General Rich, which in his case was a clear perjury. Saint Thomas felt obliged to deny the statement that he had said to Rich the king could not be the head of the Church; also he warned the jury that Rich, whom he had known from his youth, was notoriously careless and unreliable in his speech. All the same he was condemned to death as prearranged, and was to be executed at Tyburn with all the usual cruelties; but the date of the execution was not fixed.

After he was condemned, he spoke out his mind as to the statute of supremacy. He related how years ago the king, when he wrote his book against Luther, wanted him to find out whence the Pope derived his authority. (Before that time he, like many, had never studied the question; they accepted it as a fact, and were not sure whether it was directly from God. More was convinced by Fisher, after having studied the question for seven years.) He said he came to the conclusion that no layman could be the head of the Church. When the consent of the English bishops and parliament was quoted against his opinion, he said, "Against the opinion of one of your bishops I can produce one hundred holy Catholic bishops for mine, and against the parliament of one realm, the consent of all Christendom for more than a thousand years." He finished with those charitable words: "I have no more to say; but as St. Paul, who was consenting to the death of St. Stephen, and yet both are now together in heaven, so I trust that I and you, who have been on earth the judges of my condemnation, may meet in heaven merrily together. May God preserve you all, especially my Sovereign Lord the king, and grant him faithful councillors."

When the constable of the Tower, his old friend, accompanied him back and broke out into tears, he cheered him up and promised to pray that they would meet in heaven. At the entrance of the Tower his family was waiting for him to see him, as they truly guessed, the last time in this life. All knelt to receive his blessing. But his daughter Margaret forced

her way through the line of the guards, embraced and kissed him several times. He said to her: "Take patience, Margaret, and do not grieve; God has willed it so. For many years didst thou know the secret of my heart." Four days after his trial he sent to her his hairshirt, and in an accompanying letter written with charcoal he told her how her love had pleased him, and asked her to give his blessing and parting greetings to all his family. The hairshirt came into the hands of Margaret's daughter; and when in time she founded abroad a community of Canonesses, she took with her that treasure, and thus it is still kept by the same Nuns, who are now at Newton Abbot, Devonshire, England.

Saint Thomas did not know what day he would be executed. But he had prepared himself for various great trials during the first months of his captivity. We know this from the book which he wrote during the first months of his captivity. In this "Dialogue of Comfort" he devotes the twenty-seventh chapter of the third book to consolations in persecution for the faith. Although the uncle who gives comfort to his nephew speaks as a Hungarian, and of the persecution of the Christians by the Turks, yet it is quite clear that even at that time before any blood had been shed by faithful Catholics in England for the faith, More had for some time clearly perceived the trend of Henry's unbridled passions and cruelty.

In the last six chapters of the book he gives consoling reasons for one who has to face a cruel death for the faith. He encourages such a one to harden and train his body for suffering pains by fasting, other corporal mortifications and penances. At the same time he warns him not to dwell voluntarily in his imagination of the details of such a death, for he cannot truly realize them, as they may not happen, it would be a useless worry. He also thinks it very risky to expose oneself unnecessarily to such a death. On the other hand such a one must not be too much frightened by the thought of his weakness. It is quite natural for man to fear such a death and one's unstable will; but God is faithful and will not allow him to be tried beyond his strength, and He will make up the fortitude in which we are deficient. Instead of employing the imagination, the endangered

Christian will therefore do well to dwell in his thoughts on the fidelity of God. Then let him remember the example of Christ, who could not enter into His glory except through His sufferings; but by them he also merited the grace needed by His disciples. He is to bear in mind the terrible sufferings of hell, which are greater than any earthly pain and are everlasting, whilst all our bodily pains are passing away quickly. He is to have a lively faith in the glory and eternal happiness of heaven, to which no earthly sufferings can be compared.

Our holy Martyr still expected to be executed at Tyburn in the same horrible fashion as the good Carthusians. But one day a message came to him that the king had mercifully remitted the first sentence, and instead of it he too was to be simply beheaded. With unperturbable humor Saint Thomas answered: "God forbid that the king should use any more such mercy to my friends, and may God bless all my posterity from such pardons." His wife and family were also permitted to be present at his burial.

Early on Tuesday, July 6, Sir Thomas Pope came with a message from the king that he was to die the same morning before nine. In his case too nothing was done about the holy Sacraments, although the king in that point still held the Catholic faith. He thanked the messenger for the news, and still more the king, because he had given him time and space to prepare for his end, and especially that it had pleased him shortly to rid him so quickly of the world's miseries; for these reasons he promised to pray for the king here and in the other world.

In preparation for this great festival, as he considered it, he had put on a new silk gown which a rich friend had sent him. As it would have gone to the executioner, the lieutenant persuaded him to take it off, as the man was a worthless fellow. More said: "Shall I account him as a rascal who shall do me this great benefit?" However, to please the officer, he dressed himself in a simple gown. Since he could not, like St. Cyprian, give the executioner thirty pieces of gold, he sent him the one piece he still had in his possession.

When he was brought out and with his feeble steps resembled an old man, though he was not
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Smoldering Fragrance

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

DINNER had been disposed of and I was contemplating a quiet evening snooze over the papers. However, the moment I set foot on the porch I knew that I was in for a bad evening. There sat my friend the Cynic. His presence in what I had been pleased to call the privacy of my back porch completely upset my plans if not my entire digestive apparatus. I viewed with alarm the wild glare in his eyes as he disentangled his long legs from those of the tilted chair and greeted me with, "Well, have you recovered your breath yet?"

"Take it easy," I murmured faintly, "or I'll lose it completely."

He subsided until I had settled myself on the edge of the swing and then, by way of introduction, began, "You chased me away the other day after answering only one of my difficulties. Now, I am back with some more that need solving before I attend Mass again."

"Oh," I sighed with relief, "is that all?"

After a preliminary grunt, the Cynic twisted his face into his best imitation of G. B. S., and opened fire.

"What was coming off when everyone dashed up the altar steps and got into a huddle around the fireman?"

"Around the who?" I began, and then it dawned on me that he was referring to the blessing of the incense at the beginning of Mass. "What we need," I continued, "is an interpreter. If you will condescend to talk in the vernacular, I'll try to help you out."

"O. K. by me," he returned, "shoot."

"Perhaps I had better translate your question into English so that those people next door will not have to strain their ears too much. What you want to know is what was happening at the beginning of Mass when the sacred ministers assembled around the Thurifer. Why, the blessing of the incense, of course."

"Sure, I could guess that much," he said. "What I really came for, though, was to listen to one of your notorious monologues. Now, just why does the Catholic Church use incense?"

"That's easy. The answer is in the history and symbolism of incense, my boy. We can go all the way back to the old Egyptian civilization and find incense in use. Old monuments along the Nile have figures of kings swinging censers. The Assyrian and Babylonian cultures had a place in their social and religious lives for the burning of this aromatic excretion of certain resinous trees. Greek and Roman used it extensively. The first Christians on the other hand used it sparingly because of its connection with pagan rites.

"The old Greeks and Romans used incense by the carload to counteract in a measure the odors from an incompetent sewage disposal system among other things. The religious rites also demanded the use of incense in large quantities.

"Later, when Roman emperors arrogated to themselves divine rights, they had incense carried before them whenever they went any place in state. Thereafter it became a sign of great respect for a person to burn incense before him. The Christians gradually took over this sign. They carried incense in processions in which the Bishop took part. This was soon carried over into the burial processions of the martyrs and soon again it is found in any funeral procession of a Christian. The body of the spouse of Christ and the Temple of the Holy Ghost demanded respect too. All our various incensings at the present time are only logical developments of the primitive practice. The altar is incensed because it represents Christ and contains relics of the martyrs. The ministers and people are incensed because of their participation in the work of Christ and because of their membership in the Mystical Body of Christ.

"The Magi offered incense to Christ as a tribute of praise and prayer to the living God. We do the same. The grains of incense are burned to signify the Christian's life of self-sacrifice. The sweet smell that comes from the burning incense is the example of a good life; or what St. Paul calls 'the good odor of Christ.'

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The Lovely Enigma

Amedea Patricia Bortolotti

CHAPTER 11

"DO I leave you off here Aline?" Laurence asked, slowing up near the corner of Madison and Clarke.

"Yes; he said he would be here at one-thirty. It's nearly that now. Thank you again for getting the telegram for me. I thought if it came to the house the people might worry or might see the name, Levreau. Mrs. Mason thinks it very odd, my rushing off downtown to eat luncheon with an old friend from Dubuque. She thinks it most imprudent. But how could I rest and get well thinking of these important things? If at all possible I'll bring Bernard to the Mason home at about four, in time for tea. Be there—oh, Laurence, and help me!" Aline made ready to leave the auto.

"Aline Randall or Antoinette Mason, I love YOU," he whispered as she opened the door.

"You're such a help, Laurence. Oh look! That man—that's he! Remember his face! Now, I must go. Thanks again. Don't breathe a word, and hope as hard as you can that he'll come!" She got out and crossed the street.

"Aline! my little Aline!" he said greeting her, holding both her hands.

"Oh, you're a darling! two of them—eight of them! No wonder I love you so much!"

"Do you?" His face seemed to brighten.

"Always and always and more and more!" They went into the Terrace Gardens and finally settled at a table, off to themselves.

"You were ill?" Bernard asked anxiously. "You are pale."

"Mrs. Mason almost grew angry with me when I insisted on getting out of bed and coming down here. I made no explanation, except that it was urgent and that you were a dear, dear friend."

"I see. How do you like—this lady?" Bernard's voice was odd.

"I love her! I wish she were my mother! I mean, she's the kind of mother I would want." Aline was studying him carefully. He jumped.

"Yes—yes, I suppose. Your letters speak so

highly of her. And what did you have to see me about so urgently? Are you in love?"

"Yes, I am in love—with Laurence La Claire. I have spoken of him. Would you do anything to make me happy if it didn't hurt anyone else?" Aline met his eyes frankly.

"Yes." Without hesitation. There was no doubt he loved her.

"Anything? promise?" She insisted. "Even if it were hard—oh, terribly hard."

"Yes. You are all I have to love now, and if I could make you happy, what matters what it cost me? One causes so much unhappiness, unwillingly at times, one ought also help those one loves be happy."

"I knew you would! Bernard—Charles—" She stopped. He was white, staring at her, his eyes pained, his face so sad.

"Oh, how did you find out? Aline, Aline—you've just killed me!" His tone tore her heart with its misery.

"This book—Alphonse wrote it—the story of Jim, Marianne and you and Ann! Bernard, it makes no difference to me! Bernard, I love you! Bernard, don't you love me?"

"I love you more than anyone except Marianne! But you can't know all—that book—what does it say of Ann?"

"That she was kidnapped and later died. But Bernard—I thought—"

"What?"

"That perhaps you just told them that so you might have me always, and that I am Antoinette Mason. Bernard, tell me the truth, am I?"

"Yes." It was but a sound of assent, hardly audible.

"You can prove it?"

"I have your pictures, all ages, and Marianne could see the gradual change of her baby Ann into the girl Aline and the woman Aline. And—there is a scar on your leg where your daddy let you fall out of the buggy one day accidentally. Marianne would know it. I'll give you the locket, too, and the pictures. You must tell her.

That is why I sent you to her. I have watched her home for years, and so I saw her advertisement for a governess. I always ate up every bit of news about her and every mention of her."

"Bernard, I must go to her?"

"Yes, tell her everything. She will be so very happy. No one is more entitled to happiness. Aline, I did not know you would be the only child. I thought there would be at least one other. I was sure, and these years have cut me deeper and deeper. I have pained her whom I loved, but I was not strong enough to bring you back."

"There was another; it died. You must forget all those years; she will I am sure. And it won't be hard for me to think of her as mother. We'll tell her this afternoon?"

"We? Ah, my Aline, there is no more WE. You must go from me and I must go away. I couldn't go back now!"

"And I won't let you go away, and I won't tell her unless you come with me!" Aline was firm.

"Please! You don't realize how they hate me, and rightfully. You must go; it is all yours. Then you can readily marry this La Claire person you speak of in your letters as so rich."

"Bernard, do you remember when Marianne told you in an auto one evening that she wouldn't marry you no matter what you did? She meant it. Well, I mean it too. I won't tell her unless you come with me, and I won't be separated from you. You've never done an unkind thing to me that I can remember. I'd miss you more than them, because you've been my friend so long. Bernard, I'm serious. I will NOT speak unless you come with me, and I'll never consent to not see you real often."

"I'll write to her."

"Well, I won't go back there. I have money. I would never be happy without you. I would want you as Marianne wanted her baby. You can't cause me that pain, Bernard, you can't. Another mistake can't bring about a happiness. Will you come?"

"Just to tell her?"

"Yes, and then to see me real often!"

"I can't face her, Aline."

"You took me; you've got to bring me back."

"I wouldn't face her and take you—I can't face her and bring you back."

"She said you would never have done it had you talked to her, and she says she understands and forgives you. If you didn't want me to meet my mother you shouldn't have ever let me meet Mrs. Mason."

"I was trying to figure out a way of bringing you two together as mother and daughter and going away myself. I was again a coward. I wanted you too, Aline. I couldn't think of life without talking to you, planning with you, dreaming for you."

"Yet you just suggested it? Well, I won't agree to it. I couldn't think of a life without talking to you, planning with you, loving you. This thing is a tragedy enough. Charles, this thing has made you look so much older than you are. You aren't even fifty. There is happiness in life for you yet. Charles, you did a hard thing once when Marianne asked it of you; will you do a brave thing now and take me home to her?"

"I'd die of shame before her."

"She always understands; she'll know how you feel and admire you for the courage it requires. Anyhow, you promised to do anything for my happiness. Will you?" Aline was desperately trying any means of securing her end.

"I'll face her and tell her—that's all."

"Thank you. Bernard, you are wonderful."

"Do you love me more than Jim? Tell me the truth, Aline."

"I do. I swear it," she replied steadily after a pause.

"That is a big reward—and I do not deserve rewards. When must I face her?"

"We'll take a little walk after luncheon now and then take a bus and meet her this afternoon. Give me the locket and the pictures."

"Very well." He reached in his inner pocket and handed a packet to her. "You'll help me Aline?"

"I won't cease to help you ever. Your pain is my pain. You promise not to leave me without my permission today?"

"I promise. Jim—how is he? I hurt him more than I meant to."

"Just as he hurt you more than he meant to. Come now." Aline smiled.

CHAPTER 12

"Laurence, keep Bernard rather in the background. Good-afternoon, everyone! Mrs. Mason, I went on an important errand today. I have something to show you and your husband." Aline entered the room followed by Bernard and Laurence. Laurence had answered the door bell by previous instructions. "This is my Friend from Dubuque. He stopped in with me. You'll want to see these, Mrs. Mason."

All eyes followed Aline as she went toward the sofa. Jim left his chair by the tea tray and sat beside his wife. No one gave more than a flitting glance and a casual 'good-afternoon' to the white haired man who sat near the door, with Laurence almost in front of him on a chair hastily pulled over.

"My dear, you shouldn't have gone out today. You have something to show me? How strange, my dear. Are you feeling all right, Aline? Laurence, pour her a cup of tea."

"Thank you, I just had luncheon an hour or so ago. My errand was—was important for us both. I had to get some proofs for you."

"Proof for what, my dear?" Mrs. Mason was looking intently at Aline. "You are pale, Aline."

"Did you ever see this picture?" Aline handed her a snapshot of herself, one similar to the one painted by Jim, which was on the stairway.

"Yes, it's my baby girl Ann. Where did you get it? Aline, have you heard about my baby?" Marianne kissed the picture and passed it to Jim.

"Yes, I have heard of her. That was my errand—to find out more about her. Would you recognize this as your baby at two?" Aline gave her another picture of a little girl sitting on the grass.

"Yes, that's Ann, all right," Jim said immediately.

"Ann died at a year and a half; this child looks older."

"Mrs. Mason, your child didn't die at a year and a half."

"Aline, you wouldn't lie to me!" Tears came to Marianne's eyes.

"I love you too much to lie to you. And I am sure!" Aline replied.

"Oh, I'm so happy! Is she still living?"

"Yes, but I have to prove these things. Then,

this picture—four years old—does it look like Ann?"

"Oh, yes, exactly, but her hair is darker. She has her father's blue eyes—and there's the necklace—oh!" Marianne dropped the picture. Jim picked it up.

"That's the necklace all right too. Charles lied to us—she never died."

"That's correct, Mr. Mason. Charles raised her and was very, very good to her."

"He ought to be, he took her from her mother!"

The old man half arose, then remained seated as Marianne spoke.

"I'm sure he was good to her. Charles was never unkind for any length of time. Have you more pictures?"

Aline gave her ten more pictures, pictures from grammar school, from Academy, and at last one in a cap and gown. The pictures revealed a gradual change but a fundamental similarity too. The light hair was dark brown, even black. The innocent joy was replaced by a firm look and dignified expression. But the blue eyes were still the same, large and sincere, a kind of violet blue. The necklace was in all the pictures. The tears were falling silently from Marianne's eyes as she looked from one picture to the other and at Aline.

"Aline, these pictures make it positive, but it seems so strange, so wonderful. You are my baby Ann?" Marianne pushed all the pictures to Jim and stared at Aline.

"Yes, mother! Look." Aline slid down her stocking modestly and revealed a slanty mark on her leg. "Did your baby have that?"

"Yes, it's in the picture there on the stairs; she fell out of the buggy. Oh, my darling! How did you know? How did you happen to come to me? No wonder I loved you so. Did Charles tell you everything? Is he alive?" Marianne held her child close in a motherly embrace and Aline shyly returned the endearment.

"Charles sent me to you—as a governess—but I knew nothing. Charles gave me these today to bring to you. He made me tell you."

"God bless him."

"I'll kill him!" Mr. Mason handed the pictures to Alphonse and walked to the window. "My daughter—living—and Marianne suffering so!"

"Father, he was very good to me. I love him."

"You do not know all."

"Yes—I read the book. You do not know all, sir. You do not know how he played with me, how he helped me with my studies, how he took me for picnics, taught me to swim, to be a lady like my mother."

"What did he say of your father?" demanded Jim.

"That you were very fine, that you had won mother away from him, that you were wealthy and had defied your people to win my mother who was poor, that you had died in an accident of some kind—a boat I think. I was always so proud of you and mother. I—I am now. I can't believe I'm really your daughter Ann, but I KNOW I am. You couldn't hurt him, father—oh, you wouldn't!"

"If he had hurt me—alone—I deserved it; but Marianne—why should she have suffered for what I did?"

"Because Jim Mason and Charles Mason both made mistakes—she suffered. Mr. Mason—don't you want your daughter?" Tears were in her eyes as she faced him by the window.

"Of course I do! You're the only one I ever asked to paint since I painted my 'lovely enigma'. I've liked you from the start, and a finer daughter I couldn't have raised, though I dislike admitting that in his favor and wouldn't to his face." Jim turned to stare out the window.

"Aline, where is the necklace?" Marianne asked smiling at her child, since grown tall.

Aline turned to Bernard and he came forward and clasped the necklace with the locket about her neck and stood ashamed before Marianne.

"Here it is, mother." But Marianne was staring at the man.

"Charles!" she cried suddenly. "Oh, my dear!" With such pity.

Charles dropped to his knees before Marianne and bent his head. Aline stepped back and Jim stared from the place by the window.

"You have suffered more than both of us, Charles!"

"I thought there would be other children, Marianne, and I asked but one. I have paid every minute of that time—of these twenty some years. I'm going away, Marianne, but

I've brought you back your child. I swear, in the name of the friendship we once sealed, that Aline is your child and that I've given her the finest I could, and that I've respected her always."

"I understand, Charles. I forgive you and I still trust you."

"Even though by lying I made your hair turn white and your life very sad?" he inquired half aloud.

"Yes, because you were true to my little girl, and you brought her back to me. Your own hair is white too. Oh, Charles, let us not think of the past. We have had enough sorrow."

"Now I can go in peace. Thank you, Marianne."

"You can't go away!" cried Aline going to him.

"You must never go," spoke Marianne at the same time.

"Aline, you did not make me promise to stay. I've kept my part of the promise—I came with you. Now let me go."

"Never—part of my soul is yours. I would miss you so."

"Stay with us, Charles," Marianne pleaded.

Charles shook his head slowly and faced the figure at the window. Marianne and Aline sat on the sofa, not sure just what else to do.

The two brothers stood by the window, each watching the other, both silent. One was tall, straight, handsome, dark hair and blue eyes, with a proud bearing; the other was not so tall, white hair, brown eyes, with a calm steady bearing.

"Mother told me to look after you, Jim. When I could have helped I didn't. Now you don't need my help. You're looking well, Jim. Don't waste your powers killing me. A man-made wrong act always brings the most sorrow to him who makes it."

Jim just stared at Charles.

"Aren't you going to speak to me, Jim? I can't hate you, I couldn't HATE anyone, and you're my brother, my only brother. You can't hate me either. After one lives a while, one learns how terrible a thing it is to hate."

Silence.

"And to love—if one loves and misdirects that love—much harm is caused too. Too bad

we don't realize these things as young people. We should, we are told enough times."

Silence.

"Speak to him, Jim." Marianne spoke softly.

"I'm sorry, Jim. I don't know what else to say. I admit that is so inadequate." And—"Will you at least accept my apology?"

Silence.

Tears fell from Aline's eyes and Laurence silently offered his handkerchief. Alphonse and Marie had left the room.

Then the tall proud man knelt beside the white haired man, and Jim spoke, "You're not to blame at all, Charles. I've always been a coward and a conceited one. You always tried to make me sincere after mother's death and I always made fun of you for being so good and patient and kind to everyone. You have only done two mean things in your life and I caused both of them. You tried to force my wife to be yours. I deserve her scorn for that—not you. I did laugh at you, I did mock you for getting your girl right in front of your face. I never apologized. I was too thoughtless and too proud when I did think. Then you took my baby. I'm to blame for that. Didn't I always ask you if you didn't wish it were yours? I've always been jealous of you—of your character—and I never really understood how it was Marianne didn't love you more than me. I almost let you go away now, because Aline loves you, but you deserve that love and I'm tired of hating myself for being a coward. The Masons were born cowards and they won't die such. I ask your pardon, Charles, and will you remain with us? I ask you as a favor."

"I accept, Jim. Thank you." They faced each other again and shook hands. Then Jim left the room hurriedly and Charles went up the steps, silently.

"I'll show him the room he may have," murmured Marianne and followed Charles. Aline and Laurence watched the two meet on the landing and stop before her picture.

Marianne placed her arm about Charles' shoulders and together they turned and mounted the last flight of steps.

"I'm crying yet, and it's all really wonderful now," sobbed Aline.

"Guess you're entitled to a cry," soothed Laurence.

Jim re-entered the room.

"Laurence, tomorrow you and I do some painting moving. That portrait there on the stairs goes in Aline's room. My new painting, which Aline consented to model for, will go up there. Also my first portrait, 'the lovely enigma' will go up there too. We must have both lovely enigmas together. Did your mother go upstairs, Aline?"

"Yes, father. And—I think you're great. Oh, mother is calling you now."

"Is she really? Or do you two just want to be alone for a change? I know your tricks."

"Honestly, sir, I hear her too," Laurence added.

"I do myself, now. Aline, tell Marie to tell the cook we'll have additional company from now on. Yes, I'm coming." And he went up the stairs.

"Humph—did your plans work?" Laurence asked Aline.

"Yes."

"Well, then, do we get married soon?"

"Do we?" she smiled.

"You bet we do. Wait'll my brother John hears my lovely enigma is a Renneau Mason La Claire. And by the way, are you Ann or Aline?"

"Aline, I guess. You said you'd love me as Aline Randall or Antoinette Mason."

"I'll love you best as Mrs. Laurence La Claire. Come along. You go off to bed for a little rest before supper, and don't say no either."

"Very well, Doctor." As she passed an open room and saw Bernard, she called to him, "the patient is going to bed for an hour. Must I?"

"Yes, you must. You're not a good little patient patient at all."

"You'll call me for dinner at seven?"

"Always, my dear," replied the smiling white haired man.

THE END.

Our Guide-Post as Citizens

"Anything, no matter what it may be, which interferes with our complete submission to Jesus Christ, the Eternal King of the Ages, can have no place in our lives as citizens of this republic."—Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday.

Philosophy---Pragmatism

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

A GREAT deal of modern philosophy has been influenced by a certain trend or philosophical attitude which recognizes philosophy as worth while only in so far as it serves a practical purpose. The philosophy that has received this influence is called pragmatic philosophy. Thus we speak of Pragmatism as if it were a philosophical system. However, Pragmatism is not so much a philosophical system, but rather a philosophical attitude. The Pragmatist holds that our ideas and our judgment of things are entirely dependent on our subjective dispositions. These dispositions may be individualistic, i. e., personal, or they may be dispositions that have been inherited from the experience of the entire human race. These dispositions influence not only our judgments concerning true and false, but also our judgments concerning right and wrong. Thus, they say, that two and two are four is a judgment which every one now makes because every one has in himself a disposition, inherited from the human race, by which he is disposed to admit that two and two are four. But there are those who maintain that there may be some remote region where two and two are five.

Similarly moral principles are retained or discarded provided they fit in or do not fit in with our dispositions. The family, for instance, has always been held as something sacred and holy. But for the Pragmatist this is merely a subjective disposition. Today the people are no longer disposed to regard the family as something holy. Therefore, moral laws governing the family, laws concerning marriage, etc., must all be remade to be in accord with the new dispositions.

For the Pragmatist there is no absolute truth, but all truth is relative. What is called a truth today may be false tomorrow and vice versa. According to the Pragmatists there are no necessary truths, no axioms, but only postulates.

From what has been said it can be seen that Pragmatism is, like modern philosophy in general, subjective. Pragmatists differ from other

subjective philosophers in so far as this subjective disposition is of a special kind. Hence, as far as systems of Philosophy are concerned, the Pragmatist may be a Positivist, a Materialist, an Idealist, etc. In fact the Pragmatist does not believe in any system. He follows the one that serves his purposes the best. This may be one system today, another tomorrow. The particular subjective disposition of the Pragmatist is an ambition to accomplish something practical or useful. All ideas, all thought must be directed towards and guided by action. Thought and truth must not govern action but action must govern thought and truth. Hence Pragmatism may be defined as that particular tendency of modern subjective philosophy which strives for action.

We may ask the Pragmatist: what is the test of truth? When can we say that something is true, is good, is right? and when must we say that it is false, is bad, is wrong? The Pragmatist answers that in the first place he admits only relative truth, and that in his way a judgment is true if it functions in such a way that it explains the experience we have had till now. In the future it will be true only so long as it continues to explain our experiences. By experiences the Pragmatist means both internal and external experiences. The internal experiences are our feelings, our desires, etc. External experiences are facts of nature outside ourselves. A truth is said to explain an experience if it 'works'. For a truth to 'work' it must explain both the external facts and especially the internal experience. A truth explains the internal experience if it satisfies. If a truth merely explained the external experience and not the internal experience, it would not be admitted. On the contrary, if it satisfies the internal experience, it will not easily be set aside, no matter what the external experience may be. According to Pragmatism, therefore, knowledge is not good and useful because it is true, but it is true only because it is good and useful. Of course, the Pragmatist gives his own interpretation as to what is good and useful.

The Pragmatist does not distinguish between a well grounded doctrine and a hypothesis. For him everything is merely a hypothesis. And by hypothesis he does not mean what is ordinarily meant by a hypothesis. Ordinarily we mean by hypothesis a probable truth which can perhaps later be positively demonstrated to be true. But the Pragmatist does not admit that we can demonstrate a positive truth.

The following may be taken as an example of a truth that 'works' as far as external experience is concerned. The evolution of man from lower forms of animal life may be admitted as true according to the Pragmatist. The Pragmatist argues thus: If man descends from animals he should have some characteristics of animals; but man has some characteristics of animals. Hence practically we can admit that man descends from animals. Of course this would be like saying if John is a thief he should be in jail; but since John is in jail we can practically admit that John is a thief. The truth that John is a thief explains the fact that John is in jail. But as a matter of fact a truth which is not a truth does not explain anything no matter whether it 'works' or not. John may be in jail not because he is a thief but because he practiced his religion in a country where this is forbidden.

Above all, a truth must explain, i. e., must satisfy the internal experience. Also here it must 'work'. If it 'works' it is true and right; otherwise it is false and wrong. A truth 'works' according to the Pragmatist if it produces results, if it accomplishes wonderful things, if it means progress. All barriers that hinder progress must be cast aside. All laws that seem to impede progress must be done away with. Even the truth that God exists is of no importance to the Pragmatist, except in so far as this truth may produce beneficial results for mankind.

A Pair of English Martyrs

(Continued from page 263)

quite 57 years old, a good woman offered him a cup of wine. He politely declined it, saying, "Christ in His Passion drank only gall and vinegar." When he came near the scaffold, he was so weak that he was about to fall, and said merrily to the lieutenant, "I pray you, Sir, see

me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." When he wanted to speak to the people he was interrupted by the sheriff. He then merely asked all to pray for him, and to bear witness that he died in and for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, a faithful servant of God and the king. Kneeling down, he said the Miserere, which he had said at home every evening with his family. The executioner asked his forgiveness; but he kissed him saying, "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than ever any mortal man can be able to give

(Turn to page 285)



Aeroplane Philosophy

PASCHAL BOLAND, O. S. B.

Does the world just hem you in
With its worry and its care?
Buy a little aeroplane
And fly up in the air.

When your neighbor's tilted nose
And his frigid icy stare
Takes away the breath you breathe,
Try a flight up in the air.

Do all your friends mistreat you
In a way that isn't fair?
Forget them for a moment
By a flight up in the air.

When all the world's against you
And your life hangs by a hair,
Just spin the old propeller
For a hop into the air.

Does an overwhelming passion
Spur you on to do and dare
What might not be the right thing?
Think it over in the air.

When a burden weighs you down
More, you think, than you can bear,
Lay it down upon the ground;
Look it over from the air.

All the worry, all the fret,
And the things that give a scare
Look awful little—and they are—
When looked at from the air.

Each man has his own aeroplane
In which to skim the air
Parked in the hangar of his brain
Waiting ready for him there.

Take God along as pilot
When you go up in the air.
Yes, Lord, You be my Pilot,
And please take me as Your fare.

The Editor's Page



IT is commonly said that not all insane people have been taken out of circulation. Sometimes we feel that most of them are at large. In fact, in our darker moments, we begin to feel that insanity—partial, at least to the degree of much unsound thinking—has possessed itself of a great part of mankind.

It is especially when we look back at men who have lived before us and see what they did that we shake our heads and call many things crazy. Take, for example, the wearing of clothes. People yet living are ashamed of the clothes they had to wear years ago. (Score one here for nuns and monks; they are always in style, always dignified, yet their garb never changes. One might say something by way of quick conclusion about religious, who are in this mad world yet not of it, being uniformly sane; however, let us go on to what we have in mind.)

We read in our American histories (often sorry things, by the way, as histories go) of certain otherwise eminent early colonists who had some crazy ideas about making people good. Perceiving that committing sin and taking one's pleasure were often one and the same thing, they came to the wild conclusion that if men were forbidden pleasure they would not sin. We need not dilate on the dreary existence of those Puritans, whose lives were dominated by numberless blue laws and darkened by the shadows of cruel penalties. We rather wish to dismiss the thought with a shudder.

NOT BY H

But may we? Are we of the twentieth century any saner in this regard than they of the seventeenth? Not at all. For the idea we inherited with the Plymouth Rock has persisted among us to this day: the idea, namely, that you can make people good by law. Nay, we have in a way, surpassed the colonial insanity; we who have lived during the years from 1920 to 1930 will go down in history as having committed or undergone the most hideous moral venture thinkable—Prohibition. Aside from this, numerous cities—large ones—still prohibit innocent pleasure like baseball, theatres, etc., on Sunday. And in general we find the foolish idea quite generally accepted that moral goodness can be achieved in men by making laws for them to observe.

Two unfortunate results have followed from this wrong principle. The first is that it has created in men what we may call the "snooper" mind. "I'll watch you and see that you behave; if you don't, I'll proclaim it from the housetops. Meantime it's none of your business how I live privately, so long as I'm outwardly respectable." There you have our American code of morality in a sentence. It is worth studying.

The second result of morality by law is that it has no result. And here we have arrived at our thesis: *No law can make a man good.* Even the Ten Commandments of God have never made anyone morally good!

Oh, if educators, parents, superiors only fully realized this truth! We often ask in puzzled wonderment why young people are so careless, so immoral, so criminal; why those who have had the advantages of excellent homes and schools so often turn out

THE LAW

badly. The explanation, to my mind, lies in this unsound philosophy of education and living: that we have been relying on a multiplication of laws, restrictions, do's and don't's (mostly don't's) to make people upright. It can't be done. We should learn this soon from bitter experience.

Another fallacy of the same nature is that we can keep men good through fear of punishment. Make a law "with teeth in it;" still we have an increasing number of criminals. The same effect is discernible in private morality. How often do we hear parents and superiors threaten "Don't, or I'll—" And those who are thus threatened make outward show of obedience; then, at the first opportunity, when not watched, break the law.

"Hell-fire" sermons have the same effect. It is a sad fact that practically the only reason many have been given for being good is the fear of hell. What happens? One commits sin—mortal sin—then awakens the next day to the same sunshine, sees he is not in hell because of his sin, and concludes, at least subconsciously, that he might just as well go on with his forbidden pleasures.

The reason why we so easily fall into this manner of trying to enforce obedience by laws and threats is because it seems the easiest way. We are so used to doing things with machinery, of getting things done by pressing buttons, that we imagine men will obey like machines. But it is supremely important for those in authority to keep in mind that men are essentially not machines; the only way we can get results is by treating with them as human beings. We must

adopt God's way, for that is the only right way.

Study God's dealings with man. Yes, you will find commandments, laws, threats of punishment. But, before all these, you will find something that God has declared to be more important than anything else; you will find a commandment that is called the first commandment *par excellence*: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.

Love is the beginning and end of obedience, the most powerful stimulus, the only motive and grounds for its continuance. Love that is a real conviction of esteem, that engenders solid affection, friendship, and personal loyalty, is the only guarantee of sincere, unswerving obedience. Build up in children a real love of God, a stable loyalty; then come with the do's and don't's which represent God's will. Only thus can we achieve a morality that will endure. For this reason real educators have concluded that all teaching of religion is in vain until we shall have built up in our pupils a sincere, personal friendship with Christ.

With this assured, we can then see why we have the law. It is a norm to guide us as to what in God's mind is good and what is bad. It is not the motive or the source of goodness. If this is clear to us, we can see why it is that men will not obey a law simply for the law's sake, particularly if it cannot be proved that the law is in conformity with God, but is a mere human caprice; and why fear will not insure loyalty and joy in obedience, but will rather repel and breed a hatred for the law and ultimately for its giver; and, finally, why "love is the fulfilling of the law."

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

In recent tests fresh bread was put into storage at temperatures below freezing. One week later tests showed that the bread compared favorably in aroma and flavor with freshly baked bread.



Hair whorls are inherited.

A new type of fuse is on the market. In appearance it is much the same as the ordinary fuse; but instead of the usual fusible alloy, a pool of mercury carries the current. One can renew it indefinitely by holding it point down and tapping it with the finger.

Hard coal is classified by size from the largest to the smallest, as follows: egg, stove, chestnut, pea, and buckwheat. Stove and chestnut are most commonly used in the home.



A bee is more sensitive to the taste of salt than is a human being.

Among the largest of insects is a species of "walking sticks". Insects of this species sometimes measure a foot in length, with a body width of two inches and a wing spread of eight inches.

Banana trees are herbs.

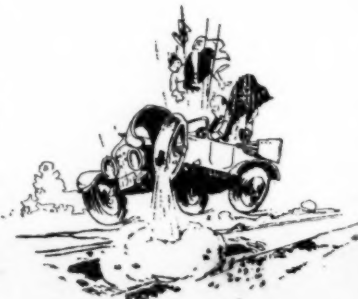
The caribou of North America migrate as much as 800 miles in a year.

The tides on the Pacific side of the Panama Canal are six times as high as those on the Atlantic side.

One's chance of being killed in an auto accident is now one in 3,500; of being injured, one in 100.

Three out of every four interruptions in electric service are due to lightning.

According to the Bureau of Standards, about twenty per cent of the heat of radiators is lost when they are painted with gold or aluminum paint. A light colored house paint is recommended.



The Sahara Desert is spreading southward one-half mile per year.

The human eye makes from three to twelve hops in reading a line of type. The eye goes blind for about one-fifth of a second between hops.

A color expert can recognize more than 300 shades of white and nearly the same of black.



A new tempered glass has recently undergone spectacular tests. Panes of this glass were twisted, bent, and pounded with mallets; molten lead was poured over a sheet of the glass which was resting on a cake of ice. Only under extreme stress did the glass break, crumbling into harmless particles like rock candy.

The United States manufactures the best dyes in the world.

A well trained eye can distinguish about 100,000 different lines and colors.

A normal adult inhales and exhales from 400,000 to 650,000 cubic inches of air in twenty-four hours.

Microscopic examination of house flies has found as high as six million germs on a single fly.

Moss on the lawn or in the garden is attributable to one of two causes: either the lawn is improperly drained, or else the soil is so poorly fertilized that it will grow nothing else.

A new method of joining pipes eliminates the use of threaded fittings. Heat applied to the new fittings melts a built-in ring of brazing alloy to form a permanent leak-proof joint about the pipe.

A household gas-generating plant is now on sale. By a process of destructive distillation gas is extracted from wood or waste material, such as paper, straw, or corncocks. The gas is then scrubbed and purified and stored. One cord of wood, it is claimed, will produce enough gas to last the ordinary family two to three months.

Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

In the Bible we read that God created man according to His image and likeness. In what way is man an image and likeness of God?

Certainly it is not the human body which makes us the image of God, for God, being a pure spirit, has no body. What makes us like unto God is that spiritual element within us, the soul, which is endowed with intellect and will similar to the divine intelligence and will of God. Although the soul is an image of God even in the natural order, it is much more so in the supernatural order. Sanctifying grace, which enlightens the intellect by faith and inflames the will by hope and love, elevates the soul to a higher state of resemblance and union with God. By grace we become a most faithful image of God.

On a holy card I have noticed that a certain prayer was indulged for seven years and seven quarantines. What does this mean?

A quarantine is a period of rigorous fast and penance lasting for forty days. This was one of the public penances frequently imposed by the ancient Church on those guilty of certain serious crimes. The present indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines means the remission of as much temporal punishment due to sin as would be remitted by seven years and seven forty-day periods of such rigorous penance.

Was the Blessed Sacrament always kept in the tabernacle during the early years of Christianity just as it is today? If not when did our present tabernacle originate?

The manner of preserving the Blessed Sacrament has varied in the different ages of the Church. During the first years of Christianity it was often impossible to keep the Blessed Sacrament in the churches or places of worship on account of the persecutions. The Holy Eucharist was frequently kept in the homes of the faithful, especially for the communion of the sick. When the Church obtained freedom and the Blessed Sacrament could be kept safely in the churches, it was usually preserved in a dove-shaped vessel suspended above the altar or in some other becoming receptacle placed near the altar. It was only in the sixteenth century that the custom of preserving the Blessed Sacrament in a tabernacle fixed to the center of the altar became the common practice.

If God said that everyone that comes into this world is born with original sin on his soul, why didn't the Blessed Virgin have original sin on her soul?

In view of the fact that Mary would one day become the Mother of God, she was exempted by a special privilege of God from that universal penalty of original sin which is contracted by all the children of Adam. Since Jesus came to destroy the power of sin and Satan, sin could not have the slightest dominion over Him; it was therefore most fitting that the Mother from whom He took His human body should have been sinless and spotless from the very first moment of her existence. Mary's privilege of exemption from original sin, which is implied in the angel's salutation, "Hail, full of grace," is known as her Immaculate Conception.

Why is the priest and not the lay person allowed to touch the Sacred Host?

In the Old Testament only the priests were permitted to touch the sacred vessels. Others were strictly forbidden to touch them; the violation of this law was

punished even by death. The Holy Eucharist is not merely a sacred vessel, but the Body and Blood of Christ. So much the more, therefore, should it be touched only by those who are especially consecrated for that purpose. In the rite of ordination deacons receive the privilege of handling, and priests the much greater power of consecrating, the Body and Blood of Christ.

In the Bible God is said to have created the world in six days. Must the Catholic believe that these were six days of twenty-four hours?

"With the Lord a day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." The Bible does not state that each of the six days lasted only twenty-four hours; the Hebrew word for day, "yom," can mean an indefinite period of time. What the Book of Genesis reveals is the fact that God created the world and brought it to its present state, not all at once, but in successive stages. The sacred author had no intention of writing a scientific treatise on the formation and history of the world; he left this for the scientists of later ages to discuss.

Why is not Holy Communion given today as it was in the olden times when the laity received both the Host and the chalice?

Although the practices of the Church may change, her doctrines never change. The Church teaches now just as she did then that the whole living Christ, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, is present in the sacred Host when received by Itself, or in the chalice taken separately. The communicant of today who receives only the sacred Host receives nothing less than the Christian of old who communicated under both species, for each receives the same Christ. Since then the manner of administering Holy Communion is a matter of practice, not of doctrine, the Church can regulate it to meet the various needs and circumstances of the times. The reasonableness of the present practice is obvious: it eliminates many abuses and difficulties which would otherwise derogate from the honor and reverence due to this great Sacrament.

In the Gospel our Lord calls St. Peter the "rock" on which He would build His Church. But is not Christ the real foundation of the Church?

Both Christ and Peter are the foundation. The Church has such a solid foundation that even the powers of hell cannot shake it. It is both divine and human, visible and invisible. Christ Himself is the divine but the invisible foundation. To give His Church also a foundation that might be seen by men, Christ built this Church on the rock of St. Peter and his successors in the papacy, Christ's vice-gerent on earth, the symbol and the guarantee of that unity and fidelity to the truth which Christ promised to His members.

What is conscience? Is it something instinctive or acquired?

Conscience is simply the human reason or intellect judging an act to be morally good or morally bad. To call conscience either instinctive or acquired might be misleading; conscience is not a special faculty but merely the intellect passing judgment on the goodness or badness of free-will actions. The intellect itself is of course present in the soul at the first moment of its existence; but the ability of the intellect to pass judgments on human actions (conscience) can be exercised only after the reasoning powers have sufficiently developed to distinguish right from wrong.

Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

—According to report, the Rev. Isidore Paul, College '07-'12, was injured early in October by a passing automobile, which knocked him down and broke his right leg in two places below the knee. Father Paul is pastor at Pilot Point, Texas, in the diocese of Dallas. The *Southern Messenger*, from which we glean this item, says that Father Paul was a soldier under von Hindenburg in Breslau in the early '90's. Later report: Father Paul died in early December.

—Abbot Columban Thuis, O. S. B., of St. Joseph's Abbey in Louisiana, who held the office of dean under the late Archbishop Shaw, has been reappointed to the same office by Archbishop Rummel. In addition to this he was also made a member of the archdiocesan school board.

—Father Victor Dux, O. S. B., writes from Marywood, Aurora, Illinois, that the pilgrimages to Our Lady's shrine at Marywood in October were both edifying and gratifying. The exercises of the pilgrimage consisted of hymns, sermon, Rosary, and Litany.

—Recently the monastic choir discarded the old antiphonary, which had been in use for many years for singing the antiphons and hymns of Vespers and other parts of the Divine Office, and adopted the new edition, which has been entirely recast. The process of unlearning that to which the ear has long been accustomed and breaking in the ear anew is now in progress. In its effort to doff the old and don the new the community attends two rehearsals a week. The revised edition makes use of dot and dash to lengthen notes and tiny pyramids of notes tumbled into a heap that sometimes require the scaling of dizzy heights and somersaults into the depths. No one need complain for lack of variety. New melodies supersede the old. Time and unrelenting effort will, undoubtedly, attune both ear and voice to these unwonted harmonies.

—On November 13th fell the feast of All Saints of the Benedictine Order. Father Prior Benedict was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass. Father Subprior Placidus celebrated a Solemn Requiem on the following day, which was All Souls of the Order. The 13th is a calendar holiday for the Seminary.

—Thanksgiving, which fell on November 28th, was another welcome holiday for the school. In the evening at 7:30 an entertainment was given in the College Gymnasium. Besides the excellent music furnished by orchestra and humorous songs by the "Four Tone," the choristers of the Abbey Chancel Choir put on "The Bell in the Forest," an operetta by A. Schindler, which was well received.

—On November 30th, the feast of St. Andrew the Apostle, five clerics of the Abbey, Fr. Raymond Hubers, Fr. Joachim Walsh and his brother, Fr. Frederic Walsh, Fr. Philip Seib, and Fr. Michael Keene, dedicated themselves entirely and irrevocably to the service of God by the solemn vows. Four years of life in religion, the

novitiate and three years of simple vows, preceded this important step. The impressive ceremonies took place after the Offertory of solemn Conventual High Mass, which was celebrated by Father Claude Ehringer, assistant to the novice master and instructor of the clerics, Father Henry Brenner. Father Abbot, with miter and crozier, took his place at the altar to receive the vows. Surrounded by the community assembled in the sanctuary, and the formula of profession having been solemnly pronounced, the newly professed lay prostrate before the altar with a pall spread over them; two candles burned at either side of them and the great bell in the tower tolled to signify their death to the world. A lengthy preface was chanted over the prostrate forms, then followed the clothing with a new scapular and the investing with the cuculla or choir cloak with wide-flowing sleeves. The cowl or capuche, which was fastened underneath the chin, is worn until the morning of the third day when it is loosed and the newly professed are received as capitulars, full-fledged members of the community. The retreat preparatory to solemn profession is likewise continued until the third day.

—Mr. Benedict Elder, editor of the *Record*, which is published at Louisville, Ky., came to St. Meinrad on December 1st at the invitation of the seminarians to deliver a lecture on communism. Mr. Elder, who is an able speaker, delivered a splendid lecture. About twenty years ago we had the pleasure of listening to him in an enlightening talk on socialism, which was at that time the topic of the day.

—Christmas vacation for the Seminary opens on December 20th and closes on January 6th. Both large and small are looking eagerly forward to the happy days that await them in the family circle at home. Here at the Abbey we are anticipating a change in the Christmas program. The monastic choir will begin the Office of Matins at 11 p. m. on Christmas Eve. This service will be followed shortly after midnight by a Pontifical High Mass. Immediately thereafter Pontifical Lauds will be celebrated at the altar. Both at this Mass and at Lauds Father Abbot will officiate. A second Solemn High Mass will follow Prime a little after 7 in the morning, while a second Pontifical High Mass is scheduled to take place at 9:15.

Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year
To All!

Missionary Work Among the Sioux

Joseph Aubuchon, St. Meinrad Major Seminary



It has been said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives; never was that fact brought home to me so forcibly until the last two summer vacations, during which I had the great privilege of personally observing the work that Benedictine Fathers from St. Meinrad are accomplishing among the Sioux Indians of North and South Dakota.

My last two summers were spent with Father Justin Snyder of Immaculate Conception Mission at Stephan, South Dakota. As a natural consequence, I am more familiar with conditions there; yet what is said of him is equally applicable to Father Sylvester at Marty, South Dakota, Father Edward, Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and Father Hildebrand, Belcourt, North Dakota, all of whom are likewise doing yeoman work under most adverse conditions among these neglected Sioux.

A few words might tersely summarize the reactions to my close-up views of this missionary work: an intense admiration of the Christlike spirit of self-denial, sacrifice, and poverty of these Benedictine missionary priests and nuns, and at the same time compassion for the poor Indians among whom they labor.

To have a correct concept of the Indian, he must not be considered the romantic figure which writers of fiction are wont to portray: proud, fierce, seated astride a prancing pony, with plumed war-bonnets trailing in the breeze, but rather poor, neglected, downtrodden; cheated of his land by white man's avarice and greed; placed on the barren plains of the Dakotas to eke out a miserable existence.

To the average person it is well-nigh impossible to realize the appalling depths of dire destitution prevalent on Crow Creek reservation, where Stephan is located. I never thought anyone could live under such conditions.

The ordinary Indian home is a log hut approximately fifteen feet by eighteen; in a house such as this, if it can be termed a house, two, never less, three or even four, families may dwell, together with sundry cats, dogs, and chickens which they may possess. The spaces between the logs which compose the walls are chinked with mud; consequently during the cold winter months

the wind usually manages to discover crevices through which it may whistle its chilly blasts with subsequent discomfort to those within.

Usually the bare earth serves for the floor, though a few of the better homes do have a few wooden planks to constitute a flooring, and of course the walls are bare of decoration, save perhaps a crucifix or holy picture bestowed by the mission.

There is little furniture as you might expect. Despite the rigorous winters, few have the necessary wherewithal to purchase stoves. The floor, earthen or wooden as the case may be, with a few blankets over it, constitutes for most families their bed, while boxes or the floor serve as chairs. A rickety table, which almost every home manages to have, completes the furniture.

Unfortunately, however, they often have no chance to utilize their table. I had one little seven year old boy tell me that on one occasion for an entire week he had nothing to eat except bread and water. Nor is this unusual; since, with the exception of a few very old men and women, very rarely do they receive rations from the government. What they do have is very coarse dried beef, potatoes, and bread constituting daily fare throughout the entire year; and from personal experience I can assure you the smell as the meal is preparing is sufficient to destroy the appetite of an average white man.

Father Justin told me the children upon their return from the annual summer vacation of three months clearly show its effects, for all are thin, weak, and undernourished, as their ravenous appetites well manifest.

With living conditions such as the above, the prevalence of disease, especially tuberculosis, will occasion no surprise; for by far the greater majority of Indian children never reach the age of reason, and still fewer attain their maturity.

Herein lies a source of great good which the Mission accomplishes; Fr. Justin has assured me seldom does one of these die without Baptism or the last Sacra-



ments. Thus many souls reach Heaven, who were it not for the zeal of the missionary, would never attain their eternal bliss. How pleased must Christ be with the sacrifices of those whose generosity makes all this possible; how unceasingly must these souls in Heaven pray and plead for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of the benefactors who have made possible their salvation!

Perhaps one of the saddest things about the plight of the Indian is that it has not been incurred through any fault of his own, but must be attributed solely to the greed and cupidity of the white man. No one can gainsay that the history of his treatment at the hands of the government composes one of the darkest blots on our national escutcheon. In his biography, Fr. De Smet, one of the first missionaries to labor among the Sioux, tells an incident well illustrating this. A certain group of white men greatly desired a fertile section of land possessed by a small Indian village. When the Indians steadfastly refused all their offers to sell, these whites resolved on nefarious means. Taking the clothes of a deceased victim of small-pox, they placed them on a tree near the Indian encampment. Of course the guileless red men took advantage of this apparent generosity, brought the germ-laden garments into the village to accomplish eventually the intended extermination of the little community. Of late historians have taken more note of treatment such as this; no longer do they conceal the fleecings suffered by the Indians; no longer do they hide the theft of the Black Hills to which by treaty the Indians were entitled. Instead of these promised mountains, fertile and beautiful, teeming with fish and game, they have been forced to accept the treeless and uninviting prairies, where scarcely one stream or a solitary tree breaks the monotony.

On land like this even the best of white farmers, who possess both a thorough knowledge of agriculture and the most modern implements, find it hard to make a living; hence what opportunity has the poor Indian with his ignorance of scientific methods and meagre equipment of wresting a living from this cruel country?

Furthermore, to consider the Indian as lazy is an injustice. Often in the past two summers, with the thermometer 115 degrees in the shade, have I seen them laboring on relief work; I also have the assurance of many of the overseers that they are industrious workmen.

In respect to religion Indians have a most deep sense of the spiritual, hence, when converted, become exemplary Catholics. True, they may not attend Mass every Sunday; how many of us would if assisting at the divine mysteries entailed a trip of twenty-five, thirty, or even forty miles in an old wagon drawn by a solitary horse or at best an old Model T Ford of 1925 vintage? Yet they will be present twice within a month and receive Holy Communion, indeed a true test of devotion, for it necessitates a fast until noon at least. Certainly no small demand, especially when the temperature is below zero, as it so often is.

Especially at death is their devotion manifested, for they summon the priest at the first sign of danger, even

before the doctor. Accordingly most have edifying deaths; a divine recompense as it were for the many buffets endured during life, as well as tangible success rewarding his heroic efforts of all those at Stephan.

This mission, as has been previously stated, is under Mary's loving care, bearing the name Immaculate Conception Mission, and is located at Stephan, South Dakota, merely a post office, approximately at the very center of the state, on Crow Creek reservation, which reservation embraces about five thousand square miles with some two thousand Indians, as well as approximately a thousand whites. The spiritual needs of all these are taken care of by Fr. Justin and his assistant, Fr. Fintan.

Primarily, however, the Mission is a school with accommodations for 175 children, although this year's enrollment numbers 250. The limited facilities necessitated turning away many more, though Fr. Justin sacrificed his own room in an effort to accommodate as many as possible. To enter the school it is not necessary that the child be Catholic, but practically all profess the Faith after a short while. Needless to state, these children are deeply appreciative for everything done in their behalf, constantly praying for their benefactors. They are good students too; right now I am thinking of one but four years old who knows the alphabet, the Commandments, as well as a dozen or so lengthy elocution pieces.

Somehow to me Stephan always appears a living act of faith, for there it lies on the treeless prairies solely dependent on divine Providence for its maintenance. Its only source of revenue is donations received in answer to letters of solicitation issued by Fr. Justin. Anything is most welcome: money, old clothes, literature, names of others who might aid, and especially prayers. I might also add that monetary donations are especially helpful; although Fr. Justin seemingly possesses the happy faculty of making one dollar do the work of five, persistent demands of creditors continually work havoc with his bank balance.

Fr. Justin, the superior at Stephan, is indeed a priest after the Heart of Christ Himself: to a priest the highest possible compliment and tribute. Any parent with the accompanying responsibility of taking care of a family can well appreciate and understand the difficulties and problems that beset him, for he must be father, provider, as well as spiritual guide for two hundred fifty Indian children, all of whom look to him and him alone for food, shelter, clothing, and spiritual comfort as well.

Yet his cheery countenance belies the heavy burden. Always he thinks of others and what he can do to make their life happy; in that he finds his own felicity, so that this kindly consideration for others might well be classified his predominant characteristic, certainly a most Christlike one.

To say the Indian children love him is putting it mildly; the mere threat of telling Fr. Justin and subsequently incurring his disapproval is sufficient to quell the most mischievous. Sister Mary Anne, the superior of the Sisters, told me that frequently on the one

day weekly, when the limited funds permit one cookie as a special treat to each child, Fr. Justin will playfully pretend to snatch the delicacy from one. Immediately the air will be full of little fists, each clutching the cherished sweet, and beseeching "Fadder" to take theirs. Can anything be more revelatory of Fr. Justin's place in their innocent hearts?

As for the Sisters, it is difficult to eulogize them sufficiently. At present there are sixteen at Stephan, all Benedictines from the Sacred Heart Convent, Yankton, South Dakota, who have left home, family, and friends to labor for Christ in His mission fields. Truly these generous, noble, and humble souls deserve great credit; incessant toil, constant labor, continual sacrifice are their daily lot. To me it is ever a perpetual wonder how they can labor so heroically; how cheerful they can be in spite of all the labor and hardships. The answer lies in the fact that they have engraved deeply into their hearts the lesson of St. Paul who counted all naught that he might gain Christ. Like him they too have heard Christ's cry for souls, and fortified by His grace are heroically answering, spurning the blandishments and temporal emoluments of the world. At present they are fortunate, as one of them once said, since practically always there is sufficient food for three meals daily; yet those who came when the mission was first opened not infrequently crowned the merits of their day's toil with the pangs of hunger, because funds did not permit sufficient sustenance thrice daily.

In fact I think one of the greatest crosses that Fr. Justin bears is that so often he is forced to reward the labors of the nuns with a "God bless you" instead of their very small salary that his agreement with the Community stipulates. Nevertheless, Mother Jerome, despite her own financial anxieties, always accepts this benediction in lieu of the monetary recompense; well does she understand the promise of Holy Scripture, the word of God Himself: "He that has mercy on the poor, lendeth to the Lord: and He will repay him." That would serve as an excellent motto for that particular convent, expressing as it does so well the norm by which they guide their conduct.

Thus in brief have I tried to give my honest reactions and impressions of mission labors among the Sioux. Of necessity much of interest has been omitted; like so many other beautiful works of God it must be seen to be fully appreciated; still it is my hope and prayer that these few observations will convey some faint idea of the objective facts.

Let me conclude with the story of a certain red St. Augustine, who narrated to me the influence the Mission had on his life. In his youth, to quote his own words, "he had been a tough egg," constantly in trouble and twice serving sentences in the penitentiary for minor misdemeanors. About six years ago he came into contact with the Mission, became Catholic, and completely forsook his evil ways. Now he is happily married, with his own little home near one of the small mission churches. Often his former cronies deride, ridicule, and sneer at him, calling him a hypocrite, as well as other names not so nice, "but," said he, "I do not pay them any attention, only I pray for them. Jesus was nailed to the cross for me and He prayed for His enemies. Surely I can do the same." Nor is his an isolated case; many more of the same order could be quoted. And herein lies the motive power of missionary self-abnegation: supernatural satisfaction contained in such conversions wipes away the pang of all sacrifice. Is not a people, so deserving, so appreciative, well worthy of any and all efforts expended? Can God fail to bless and reward a hundredfold anyone who does even the smallest thing in their behalf?



Immaculate Conception Mission School

Stephan, South Dakota
Nov. 19, 1935

Editor

The Grail

St. Meinrad, Ind.

Dear Reverend Father:

Please publish in The Grail the receipt of a favor through the intercession of St. Therese, St. Jude and the Blessed Virgin by Mrs. H. V., of Chicago, Ill. She promised publication if this favor be granted and it has been granted.

Faternally,

Fr. Justin, O. S. B.

Non-Catholic Readers

"Many non-Catholics are readers of Catholic magazines, newspapers and books. They want to read 'the other side,' or they are attracted by the non-religious features of Catholic publications that have a universal appeal, though none the less Catholic in principle."

—D. F. Miller, C. Ss. R.

The Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton



THE MAGI are also called the Three Kings; history does not record how many of these wise men came to visit Jesus, but the number, three, seems to be grounded upon the number of gifts which they brought. Their royalty is not acknowledged by some writers, although it may well be that they were called kings because of their sovereignty over several villages, as is still the custom in some very small countries. According to some, they came directly from Persia, which is East of Palestine; hence the appellation, "Wise Men of the East". However, the distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles from Persia to Judea presents an embarrassing difficulty when we recall the accepted theory that the Wise Men arrived on the thirteenth day after the birth of the Saviour, since the mountains and rough roads precluded any kind of fast travelling.

Others claim that the Magi came from Chaldea, a country of many astronomers, who would quickly take note of any unusual star which arose in the heavens. But the nature of the presents they bore points to Arabia as their home country, and this latter opinion is generally accepted. However this may be, one thing is certain: that the star which rose "out of Jacob", meaning Judea, was predicted long centuries before, and carefully watched for. It shone by day and night, and furnished a guide for the royal travellers. They were not alone; each had a large retinue of servants and followers, who made a great bustle and attracted great attention when they entered Jerusalem.

The star disappeared as soon as they arrived at the Holy City; no doubt, God, in permitting them to inquire at Herod's palace, took this manner of disclosing to the Jews the birth of their long-awaited Messiah, and the fulfilment of the miraculous prophecies so often read and pondered. As soon as this demonstration was made, the Star reappeared and stood over the house where the Infant God lay, and the Magi hastened to adore Him there.

Parental Responsibility

During Victorian days, we had strict, God-fearing parents, who were extremely careful about their children; perhaps some of them were even harsh and over-strict, producing a "complex" in the children, which drew them to the opposite extreme after they grew up. After the war, it seems, when so many barriers and conventions were let down, parents also decided to become easy-going and indulgent, on the principle that "we want our children to have it better than we did."

They seemed to forget that the rougher, more comfortable life they led in their childhood, with fewer enjoyments, and stricter home rules, made them fine, upstanding men and women, who forged their way forward in the world, and made a name for themselves. Today the boys and girls go to school often until their twenties, receive plenty of spending money, drive cars, never have to lift a finger to help at home, and in general, live a carefree life, with no thought of responsibility of any kind. Often parents, though hit by the depression, scrimped and saved on themselves, while the children continued to have the best of clothes, never were denied the movies, or money with which to do the thousand and one things which youth can think of today.

Parents have ceased to be watchful of their sons' and daughters' comings and goings; the fact that they are having a "grand, good time" is excuse enough for them to come home at all hours of the night. "They are only young once", is heard everywhere, nor do the parents bother to inquire where the children have been, who have been their associates, or what they did until the small hours of the morning. With no damper on their wildness, and every tavern a dance hall, inviting women as well as men, it is not surprising that the newspapers are full of automobile accidents, many of them on country roads at dead of night, when their drivers are not fit to guide a wheel. Not until parents call a halt, will this wild heedlessness and looseness stop.

Brushes

The word brush comes from "brusta", an old German word for bristles; the ancient Romans also used it, and later, the Anglo-Saxons twisted it around to "bristl." Pigs may be just pigs, in the words of Farmer Corntossel, but pork is not the only thing they provide; were it not for piggie's bristles, we would not have the wherewithal to keep our teeth like pearls, artists would have to go without some of their most important paint-spreaders, and the Fuller-brush man would either have to go out of business, or find a substitute in vegetable fibres. But everybody knows that vegetable fibres have not the resilience that hairs grown on an animal's back have—and no one has ever learned how to make synthetic hair so far.

So tooth brushes, hair brushes, radiator brushes, bottle brushes, and other products of the brush-salesman's capacious sample-case depend for the excellence of their "working-surface" on the output of piggie's back. However, the porkers which produce the best bristles for commercial purposes do not come from America; China, Poland, India and the icy plains of Siberia are the chief producers. The hogs from the cold regions look more like boars than our domestic pigs, are of formidable size, and run quite wild. When winter comes, Nature does not provide them with a heavy layer of fat as

with our pigs, but a thick coat of bristles instead. Those covering the spinal region of the animal, being the longest and stiffest, bring the highest market prices. This hair does not reach its best growth until the hog is three or four years old. Each animal yields only a pound and a half at most.

The hogs shed their bristles in summer by rubbing against trees and posts, and the peasants collect these, dropping them into a bag hanging on the kitchen door. When a season's crop has been collected, it is hauled by sledges from remote villages to central depots, where the bristles are sorted.

Some Ancient Holyday Recipes

TO MAKE A DYSHE OF SNOWE

Take a pottle of sweet, thick Cream, and the white of eyght Eggs, and beate them altogether with a spoone, then put them into your Cream with a dyshefull of Rosewater, and a dyshefull of Suger withall, then take a stick and make it clene, and then cut it in the end foursquare, and therewith beat all the aforesaid things together, and ever as it ariseth, take it off. Take a platter and set an apple in the midst of it, stick a bushe of Rosemary in the Appple. Then cast your Snowe upon the Rosemary and fill your plater therewith, and if you have wafers, cast some snowe on them and serve them forth.

ALE SYLLABUB

Place in a large bowl, a quart of strong ale or beer, grate into this a little nutmeg, and sweeten with suger; milk the cow rapidly into the bowl, forcing the milk as stronge as possible into the ale, to raise a good frothe. Let stand for an hour and it will be fit for use. The proportion of suger will depend upon the taste of the drinker.

A LORDLY DISHE

Take and flee off the skynne of a Pecokke (peacock) with the feddurs taylor and the nekke, and the hed thereon; then take the skynne with the feddurs and lay hit on a table abroad (abroad): then take the Pecokke and roste (roast) hym, and endore (baste) hym with raw yolkes of egges; and when he is rosted take hym of (off), and let hym cool awhile, and take hym and sowe hym back in his skynne, and gildie (gild) his combe, and so serve hym forth with the last cours.

Keeping the Motor Car Clean

Keeping the motor car clean inside and out prolongs the life of the furnishings and finish, thus saving the expense of having them refurbished in a short time. The high polish of a car can only be retained by constantly removing dust, dirt and mud, as these contain substances which eat into the lacquer and gradually blur the brilliant finish of the paint job. It is a poor idea to allow dust, dirt and grime to gather on a car surface over a period of three weeks or more, fastened on tightly by a rainstorm or two, dried, and then having still more dirt deposited on the first layer; to clean this off a good washing is necessary, and then perhaps a hard polishing, to return the finish to its pristine beauty.

Once or twice, such treatment may make no visible difference in the appearance of the surface, but continued neglect, and consequent hard scrubbing and polishing, will soon dim the finish. Indeed, after mud and dirt and oil have been allowed to rest on the surface repeatedly for long stretches of time, by and by even washing and polishing will not restore its original beauty.

The chromium parts, too, should be regularly washed and chamoised. No polish is needed on this metal except a chamois, and mud and dirt must be removed immediately; otherwise it will rust and become unsightly. Chromium is so easy to clean that there is no excuse for permitting it to become clouded and dimmed. Glittering chromium helps to make even an old car "look like a million dollars."

Clean the inside of the car regularly; sweep out the dirt from the floor, shake the carpets and sweep them, or wash the rubber matting. Remove all stains from the cushions at once; brush once a month with a whisk broom, or clean with hand vacuum cleaner. If you haven't one of your own, the service station will do it at very small cost. Seat covers protect cushions, and are easily removed and washed or sent to the cleaners.

Household Hints

Take the clothes-line down in the basement after each washing; it will remain cleaner, and make the basement more presentable. Lines left up all winter will be grimy from ashes and coal dust, and have to be washed in the Spring, a wearisome task at best, as it snarls all up in the water. If always taken down and kept covered, it will never have to be washed, or even wiped with a cloth.

Baby's carriage should be washed occasionally; nothing is so incongruous as a pretty baby sitting in a soiled carriage. If it is reed or fibre, dip a brush in thick suds, shake off excess water, and scrub the fibres all over. Rinse with a wet sponge wrung pretty dry, so the water won't drip on the lining. Remove cushions, clean with vacuum cleaner, and rub with cleaning fluid.

Recipes

CHILI BEAN POT: A good cold weather dish; a good, quick Sunday night supper or buffet lunch. Melt a tablespoon of fat in an iron or heavy aluminum pot, and fry in it one small minced onion for a minute. Then add a pound of ground beef, and chop it apart loosely, stirring until all sides are cooked. Add salt, pepper, 1½ teaspoons chili powder, a teaspoon of sugar, and one of vinegar. Then add the contents of one No. 2 can of red kidney beans and one No. 1 can of tomato puree. Mix all well together, simmer for about 15 minutes, and serve with crisp salt crackers.

BARBECUE SAUCE: Sauté 2 chopped onions and 2 chopped green peppers in one-half cup of butter for a few seconds. Add one cup tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon chop suey sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 teaspoons Tabasco sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2 thin slices of garlic. Bring to a boil, stir well, and serve.

Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,
Ferdinand, Indiana*

Grandpa's Specks

MISS ELIZABETH MENHART*

"I do wonder how grandpa ever found his way to heaven," remarked Betty with a puzzled face.

Betty was a little girl just three years old with dark black curly hair and pretty brown eyes. She was very fond of her grandfather, for she had spent the long hours of the day listening to him as he had read the story of "King Arthur", which was Betty's favorite story, or the funnies, which had impressed her so. But now he had not read her a story for the last three weeks, because he got a heart attack which carried him to the other world just one week ago.

He always needed his glasses when he read, and now he had gone to heaven without them. This troubled Betty very much as he had told her that he was as "blind as a bat" if he did not have his glasses and that he could not find his way anywhere without them, and now he had gone to heaven and had not taken his glasses.

Betty sat in the living room in a large easy chair propped up with many soft pillows and with a large picture book on her lap. But she was not looking at the book; she only sat wondering how her grandpa was enjoying himself without his "specs", as she called her grandfather's glasses.

Just then her mother came into the living room with her sewing basket. She sat down in the chair next to Betty and said while gazing at her only child, "My land Betty, you've just been sitting around and doing nothing since grandfather died! Now just tell me what is on your mind."

At this Betty laid down her book and walked over and stood in front of her mother and said, "Gee Mom! you don't have to get mad at me. I was just thinking about grandpa, just how he is enjoying himself 'cause he told me he needed his specks before he could do anything."

Her mother only smiled and kissed Betty's

rosy cheek and said, "You have been thinking of grandfather's glasses long enough; go outside and swing or play in your play house till supper time."

Betty smiled at her mother and went up stairs and brought down her little red slip-over sweater and tam. Then she came into the living room and had her mother to help her put it on. Then off she skipped to play in the warm autumn sunshine.

Everything in the little playhouse was dusty and Betty did not feel like playing at all. She just kept thinking of grandpa's specks that lay beside his Bible on the little round table in his bedroom. Unable to play, she thought of grandpa in heaven and murmured almost aloud, "I do wonder how grandpa can read the newspaper in heaven, 'cause he just can't read a word without his specks. I just bet he would like for me to send them to him; but he would like it just lots better if I would take it to him. Then he could read me the funnies before I come back home. My goodness, that would be great!" she remarked with a plan forming in her little mind.

She sat upon the steps of her little play house and her eyes were fixed on the pretty blue sky. Then suddenly she sprang to her feet and said, snapping her little fingers, "Gee! That's great! Why didn't I think of that before?" Then she turned and ran out the side gate and off she ran to Mr. Brown's house, without asking her mother.

Mr. Brown was a painter and he was a good friend of Betty's father. So up the steps she went and knocked on the door with the toe of her little brown shoe. It was answered by Mr. Brown himself.

"Well, hello Betty! what am I to do for you today? Build another play house, I guess?" he said with a big smile on his jolly face. "No, you guessed wrong there," she said looking up into his kind face. "I only want to know if I could use your ladder and I want you to bring it over to our house this evening about 5:30 or 6:00 o'clock. See, I want to use it. Mr. Brown you'll bring it, won't you please, Mr. Brown?"

* Eighth Grade, St. Joseph School, Evansville, Ind.

"Of course, I will, and I'll bring it over this evening," he answered.

"But, Mr. Brown, I just don't want one. I want all you got, you see, I need a whole lot. You'll let me use all of them, won't you, Mr. Brown?" she eagerly inquired.

"Yes, I guess," Mr. Brown answered slowly.

"Well, good-bye and don't forget!" she reminded him as she walked down the steps. Mr. Brown did not answer; he only stood staring at Betty as she walked away.

"Am I going to surprise my grandpa tonight! He'll be tickled pink!" she said, and away she skipped for her home.

She was in a good mood now, and she cleaned her play house and swung in her little swing the rest of the afternoon just as her mother had told her.

Just then she heard her mother's voice calling her and she jumped from her swing landing on her hands and knees in the dirt. Then she got up, ran into the house, went up stairs, changed dresses, and cleaned up for supper.

Just as she was combing her curly hair and

making a face each time the comb touched her head, she heard her mother say, "Betty, supper is ready."

Betty ran down stairs, kissed her father's cheek, and whispered, "I got a big surprise. I'll tell you in a few minutes."

The three sat down and began eating after saying their prayers. Betty could not keep her secret any longer, so she said, "I just bet when grandpa went for his walk to-day he put his overcoat on wrong side out and made all the angels laugh!"

Then she walked over to her mother and placed her little arms about her neck and whispered, "Gee Mom, I want you to dress me up like a little angel, to-night; and daddy, you can fix the ladders Mr. Brown just brought over so they will lead to heaven, and then this evening when it is dark I'll just climb up to heaven and find my Grandpa. Then I'll give him his specks and after he reads me all the funnies I'll climb down again and go to sleep and I'll be just so happy—'cause I ain't never been in Heaven before!"

— Historical Calendar —

January 1—1801—The union of Great Britain and Ireland.

1863—Emancipation Proclamation in effect.

1902—First presidential election in Cuba.

1907—Pure food law went into effect in United States.

January 2—1776—First union flag unfurled at Washington's headquarters.

1896—Jameson raiders routed and surrendered to Boers.

1905—Port Arthur surrendered to Japanese by Russians.

January 3—1777—Battle of Princeton in Revolutionary War.

1911—Postal banks established in United States.

January 4—1717—Triple alliance signed between England, France and Holland.

1915—Second national conference on popular government opened at Washington.

January 5—1838—Canadian insurgents attacked Toronto. The U. S. proclaims neutrality.

1855—Mammoth Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal carried away by ice.

January 6—1842—Massacre of British army in Khyber pass.

1893—Last spike driven in the Great Northern extension to Pacific Coast.

1895—Great fire in Toronto; loss of \$1,250,000.

January 7—1779—Lafayette sailed from Boston to aid France in her war with England.

1782—First regularly established bank in America opened in Philadelphia.

1789—First national election held in the U. S.

1922—Irish Ratify Peace.

January 8—1815—Brilliant victory by Gen. Andrew Jackson over the British at New Orleans.

1894—World's fair buildings at Chicago destroyed by fire.

January 9—1793—First balloon ascension in America.

1861—First shot in Civil War fired from Fort Sumter.

- 1915—San Francisco dedicated its Auditorium, the largest civic building of its kind in the world.
- January 10—1805—Tailors in New York formed the first labor union in America.
- 1913—Capt. Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, arrived in New York.
- January 11—1853—With heat as motive power, Ericson piloted his ship from New York to the Potomac.
- 1897—The Anglo-American arbitration treaty was signed at Washington.
- January 12—1866—Aeronautical Society of Great Britain founded to encourage artificial flight.
- 1911—President Taft asked congress for appropriations to fortify the Panama Canal.
- January 13—1804—Modern printer's ink was first used in Philadelphia by Jacob Johnston.
- 1915—Earthquake in Central Italy killed 30,000 people and destroyed several towns.
- January 14—1629—First written constitution known in history framed at Hartford, Conn., by colonists from Massachusetts.
- 1922—The Irish Free State started.
- January 15—1891—End of Indian wars in the Northwest by submission of the Sioux.
- 1913—Gen. Castro, exiled president of Venezuela, denied admittance into the United States.
- January 16—1868—Revolution in Japan; Mikado seized by three powerful princes.
- 1872—First train entered Stamboul, connecting Turkey in Asia with Europe for the first time.
- January 17—1706—Benjamin Franklin was born.
- 1848—Milwaukee received its first telegraph message from Chicago.
- 1862—Fortification bill passed house of representatives, raising \$5,960,000 for coast defenses.
- 1920—Prohibition Amendment declared in effect.
- January 18—1782—Daniel Webster was born.
- 1797—Weekly mail service established between the United States and Canada.
- 1807—Robert E. Lee was born.
- January 19—1848—Gold discovered in Coloma valley, causing the gold rush of the following year.
- 1871—French made unsuccessful sortie from Paris, besieged by the Prussians.
- January 20—1783—Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States.
- 1902—King Edward and President Roosevelt exchanged their first wireless message.
- January 21—1824—Stonewall Jackson was born.
- 1839—Great fire at Constantinople destroyed the "Sublime Porte."
- 1887—Interstate commerce bill became a law.
- 1908—France received \$1,600,000 in settlement of claim to right-of-way for Panama Canal.
- January 22—1912—United States troops occupy Tientsin, in China.
- 1915—Army bill appropriating \$101,000,000 for national defense, passes house of representatives.
- January 23—1813—Horrible massacre of American prisoners taken by the British and Indians in Michigan.
- 1845—Congress sets national election day at the Tuesday following the first Monday in November.
- January 24—1908—First Boy Scout troops organized in England by Gen. Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell.
- 1914—United States senate authorized government railroad in Alaska.
- January 25—1841—Severe earthquake in New York, causing great popular alarm.
- 1915—First transcontinental conversation over the telephone between New York and San Francisco.
- Child Labor Day.
- January 26—1880—Lake of Zurich, Switzerland, frozen over for first time in 19th century.
- 1886—Fall of Khartoum and death of "Chinese" Gordon.
- January 27—1858—Ottawa made capital of the Dominion of Canada.
- 1914—President Wilson signs order establishing civil government in canal zone beginning April 1st.
- January 28—1855—Panama railroad opened to traffic; first train from Coast to Coast.
- 1914—Direct wireless communication established between the United States and Germany.
- January 29—1843—William McKinley was born.
- 1856—Queen Victoria instituted the Victoria Cross.
- 1890—Brazil was recognized by the U. S. as an independent nation.
- January 30—1778—Treaty of unity signed between France and the U. S.
- 1914—Col. George Goethals was nominated first Governor of the Canal zone.
- January 31—1858—Famous big steamship "Great Eastern" was launched at Deptford England.
- 1898—Silver was beaten in House of Representatives by vote of 182 to 132.

A Pair of English Martyrs

(Continued from page 271)

me. Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry for saving thy honesty." He would not allow him to cover his eyes, but did it himself. When he had put his head on the block, he asked the executioner to wait until he had put his beard over his face, so that it should not be cut, saying that that beard had never committed any treason. Thus he met his death with joyous and childlike simplicity.

The family came afterwards, and providing a shroud, buried him in the little church of the Tower, where during the first months of his captivity he had been allowed to assist at holy Mass. The head was boiled and exhibited on London Bridge. The king passed under it repeatedly in his gay excursions by boat up and down the river. When the order came that the head should be thrown into the river, his daughter Margaret bribed the officer, took it home with her, and kept it most reverently for a time. It is said that it looked for a long time quite fresh and that the grey beard turned reddish. After her death it was kept in or close to her coffin at Canterbury. (Recently it appeared possible to get it back into Catholic hands; may this become a fact.)

A shock of horror went through the learned world of Europe at the news of the death of this statesman and scholar, who was then considered the most esteemed layman by all those who knew him personally or by his writings. Even later English jurists pronounced his execution as downright judicial murder, the blackest crime in English history. The English agents abroad made the greatest efforts to persuade foreigners that their most merciful king was forced much against his will to proceed against the two Martyrs, because they had repeatedly committed treason; but these lies and calumnies were believed neither abroad nor generally in England. Reginald Pole, the cousin of the king, later on the last Catholic Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, who knew the facts at home and also the opinion abroad, was bold enough to reproach his kinsman for these black deeds. He wrote to Henry:

"Could you slay men like these, who by your

own judgment in former days and by the judgment of all were held in the highest esteem for innocence, virtue, and learning, and that for no other reason than that they would not violate their consciences by assenting to your impious laws? . . . I am bold to swear that Luther himself, had he been king of England, though these two men were his direst adversaries, would not have conceived the thought of avenging himself in such a way." Had Pole at that time been in England, following the pressing invitation of Henry, these words would certainly have cost him his head. Instead of him, his mother, now Blessed Margaret Pole, countess of Salisbury and a great friend of the injured Queen Catherine, had to pay the penalty. As the queen died peacefully in the year 1536, the same year as Anne Boleyn, she was spared the grief of mourning her friend, beheaded in 1541.

Six months before his death, when no one thought of executions as consequences of merely refusing the oath, Saint Thomas had written, as we now know under certain presentiment: "To this great glory (of heaven) no man can come 'headless'. Our head is Christ, and to Him as members we must be joined, and as members we must follow Him thither. Who can for very shame desire to enter into the kingdom of Christ with ease, when He Himself entered not into His Own without pain?"

THE END

Smoldering Fragrance

(Continued from page 264)

Or, again, the aroma that penetrates and lingers through the building reminds us of the manner in which Christ penetrates and permeates our whole being with His graces.

"Incense, symbolizing prayer, cannot find a happier expression than in the words of Father Placidus Kempf, O. S. B. He says that incense is a reminder of a costlier aroma that arises from living thuribles, wherein love supplies the glowing coals—the acts of adoration, thanksgiving, atonement, submission, arising from devout worshippers, from our own pulsing, burning heart."

I looked at the Cynic to see if he were still awake. He was and his mouth was wide open. He had been quiet so long that it couldn't stand the strain any longer.

"Just one more thing about incense," he said. "May I ask you a question without incensing you or arousing your ire?"

Against my better judgment, I yielded.

"Would it be correct to say that Catholics use so much incense so that they can smoke the devil out of church?" he wisecracked.

"Yes," I said, "and if you don't get moving pretty fast I'll get the incense right away. Goodbye."

Books Received

The *Parish Kyriale* fills a long wanted need. It contains the principal Gregorian Masses, Credo I and III, Requiem, and chant hymns. The print is good; modern notation. The remarkably low price makes it possible to place it in every parishioner's hands.

Publishers, The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price, \$0.10 per copy; 12 to 300 copies, discount 20%; over 300 copies, 25%.

A Postulant Arrives, a pamphlet by Joachim V. Benson, M. S. S. T.

Publishers, The Preservation of the Faith, Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Maryland. Price, ten cents.

The Daily Examen, a pamphlet by Rev. C. A. Imbs, S. J.

Everybody's Talking About Heaven, Daniel A. Lord, S. J.

Both published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price, ten cents.

The New Testament, published by C. Wildermann Co., Inc., 32 Barclay St., New York. The publishers of this work had two purposes before them: One was a readable text from the point of print; the other was to make corrections of manifestly bad English in older editions. Both these purposes have been well fulfilled. Rev. Dr. Carey, Professor of Sacred Scripture at the Seminary of Dunwoodie, N. Y., supervised the edition and wrote in the Preface an intimate history of the Douai Version. Price, imitation leather, \$2.00; German Morocco, \$3.00; Walrus, leather lined, limp, \$5.00.

A Retreat for Priests, by Rev. Antoine Giroux, S. J., translated by Rev. Edgar J. Bernard, S. J.,

The Rev. author's life work was to give retreats to priests. One may surmise that in this work which extended for 10 days he gives us a very practical help for the spiritual exercises made in common or privately. The matter may be arranged also for fewer days. Very practical are also the considerations. That this work finds a welcome among the clergy is proved in that several editions have been published. One good feature of this edition is its makeup in loose sheets. Thus one can easily arrange the matter for a shorter period. The work recommends itself.

Revista Press, 1407 East Third Street, El Paso, Texas. A. B.

Baptism of the Infant and the Fetus, an outline for the use of Doctors and Nurses, by the Rev. J. R. Bowen, Chaplain, St. Joseph Mercy Hospital, Dubuque, Iowa.

This pamphlet is to be recommended to doctors and nurses, as they are often called upon to provide for the eternal salvation of endangered human life. It gives information on the subject in a clear form and according to the teaching of the Church. One will

grant a great favor by handing a copy to doctors and nurses.

The M. J. Knippel Co., Dubuque, Iowa. Price 25¢ postpaid, 5 copies for a dollar. A. B.

The Missal for Sundays and Principal Feasts of the Year, published by C. Wildermann Co. Inc., 32 Barclay Street, New York. This is a compact, beautifully printed, and eminently practical work. For those who find it possible to take part in services only on Sundays and the principal feasts, this book will be most welcome. An excellent explanation of the Mass, vestments, liturgical facts and times is given, together with prayers said commonly by all Catholics. The size makes it possible to carry it in one's pocket comfortably. The publishers are to be congratulated on this fine, practical contribution to the Liturgical Movement. H. D.

Story of the Church, by Rev. George Johnson, Ph. D., Rev. Jerome Hannan, D. D., Sister M. Dominica, Ph. D., represents an ambitious project successfully carried out. The book is intended as a textbook for the upper grades of Catholic elementary schools. It is in three parts, each part divided into units setting the learning objective. The narrative is in chronological order, but the lives of those great men, women, and Saints having character-building value are given prominence. Thus also the intellectual and material achievements of the Church in science, literature, art, music are told. The beginnings and progress of the Church to the present day in our own country is treated in rounded out form. Study aims, activities, and self-teaching material are provided within the various unit phases. Illustrations as well as maps accompany the text. Altogether this book impresses one as possibly the best thing ever done in this direction. Benziger Bros., New York, Chicago. List price \$0.80. H. D.

The Principles of the Eucharistic Crusade, a pastoral letter by his Excellency, the Most Rev. Peter Hopmans.

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